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MARCH, 1950

The Liberalist

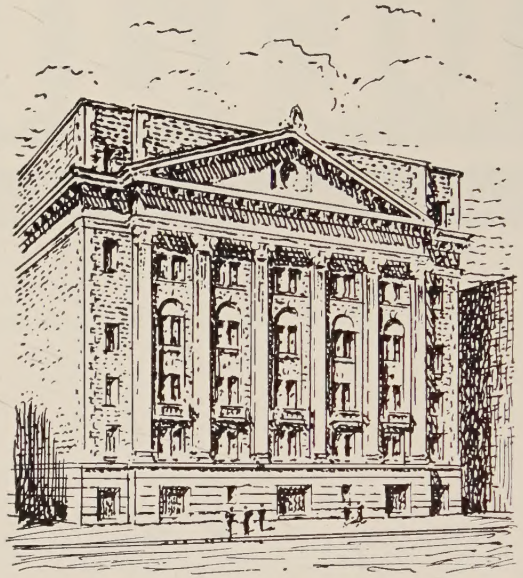
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From LIFE

MARGARET DELAND

By one great heart the universe is stirred:
By its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird . . .

It's felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling as in mother's tears,
And for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great heart, *God!*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **March, 1950** *Number 12*

"WHAT ABOUT GOD?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, January 28th, 1950

PROBABLY no minister has a greater influence upon his generation than did Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Many of you, and many of my listeners, probably have heard him. He was perhaps the rarest combination of philosopher, historian, poet, theologian which the modern American pulpit possessed. Standing as he did for many, many years under the shadow of Columbia University, later building that great, beautiful and monumental structure of religious activity, the Riverside Church in New York City — whose distinguished present minister, by the way—Dr. McCracken —is speaking at the University of Chicago Rockefeller Chapel at the very moment I am speaking here to you, and who will speak tonight at the Sunday Evening Club at 8:00 o'clock in Orchestra Hall.

Probably no man, certainly none I can think of at the moment, has had a greater influence upon his generation than Dr. Fosdick. He has always been a great inspiration to me. I regretted exceedingly when he left the National Broadcasting Company in the National Radio Pulpit. He has retired; but I made some inquiries from some mutual friends the other day, to discover that he still preaches occasionally. And the alertness and the keenness of his mentality has never dimmed with the passing of the years.

Well, Dr. Fosdick arose one Sunday morning in his great Riverside pulpit. Surrounded as he was by the most perfectly appointed church equipment of any church in America, he stood and looked at his congregation a moment, and then he said in his own inimitable manner, "My dear friends, I am going to attempt to preach a sermon this morning about God without using the word." They were startled for a moment, as well you might expect. For any minister to begin a sermon on God by saying, "I am about to preach a sermon on God without using the name" . . .!

I had hoped this past summer to get back to Liverpool in England, which I was unable to do because of a rather heavy schedule; but I wanted to go back to Liverpool because of the lingering and ever-increasing beauty of a great memory. We are all familiar with the fact that some little experience, some little look or gesture, or something that comes into our lives, may

immediately bring up another experience, another moment of our life; another experience; just a look, perhaps, or a gesture, or a sunset, or a star, or something suggests something that was identified with us in a rare and beautiful moment. It is like opening up a book and finding an old, old letter from someone, perhaps, who has passed on; but there is their writing—and it brings back old memories. I have it happen to me very frequently when I open up my journal; for every night of my life before I retire, I write a little bit in a journal which I have kept for many, many years. The weddings are there; the funerals are there; the places I have spoken; the people I have met, all on that page for the day. Sometimes an occasional thought or two that I had during the day clung to me until evening and I would write it down.

I think my favorite flower is, not the expensive cut flower which frequently is a symbol of so much love and devotion, but my favorite flower is the wild rose; the little, simple, unadorned, modest wild rose that you find along the fences, the roadsides and the hillsides. And on our little island up in Northern Minnesota, we have a profuseness of wild roses; and we have carefully guarded those wild roses and given them so much love and care and attention and pruning, that they seem to have taken on an unusual character. They are growing larger with every season; and the color is deepening. They are not losing any of their texture, nor are they being unfaithful or untrue to their species. There is no botanical reformation taking place—but the love and care which we give to our wild roses is being returned in a beautiful wild rose. I make it a point when I am privileged to be on the island, when the first bloom and the first bud unfolds, I watch that little rose until I think it has about finished its life span, then I cut it off and put it in between the covers of my journal on the day that it ceased to bloom. And I watch them all summer long; and then as the flowers run their cycle and I think that is the last rose of the season, the last wild rose we shall see unfold for that season, that rose is plucked and pressed in between the pages of my journal on the day of the last blooming.

The other day I had occasion to go back 27 years to a summer, and I opened up my journal on the 18th day of July, 27 years ago, and there, greeting me with remembered love, was a wild rose; and the retention of the memory and the beauty of that day was all reborn. Little things about the day that I thought I had forgotten, that were buried way back in the limbo of my memory, suddenly became all beautiful again. The message of a flower—for 27 years.

I wanted to go back to Liverpool this summer because of a memory, and that memory was when Mrs. Bradley and I were privileged, one Sunday afternoon, to attend a service at Liverpool Cathedral in which the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. David, was to be the preacher; and the occasion was the dedication of the Chapel to Mary in Liverpool Cathedral. Liverpool Cathedral, as you perhaps know, is one of the two or three great cathedrals of the world. It has been under construction for more than a quarter of a century. It is a modern cathedral. It is still under construction. The Liverpool Cathedral will probably not be finished for another 50 years, probably longer. The cathedral is the life work of an architect. He was only 26 when he started to build the cathedral. He has been at it now for many, many years. Of course it will be his monument, just as St. Paul's Cathedral in the City of London is the monument of Sir Christopher Wren. And I

wanted to go back to that chapel because something happened that Sunday that stands out vividly as I stand here in my own pulpit in Chicago many miles away from Liverpool.

Mrs. Bradley and I sat in the pew when the Lord Bishop, Dr. David, entered the pulpit. He arose. I looked at my watch. His subject was "The Evolving Idea of God." I said to Mrs. Bradley as he started, "Oh, I think we are in for it." I never had heard him preach. But here was the Lord Bishop going to speak on "The Evolving Idea of God"; and I thought we were in for an involved, academic, theological dissertation that would probably run on long after tea-time—and it was then 2:00 o'clock. And if you are in England and a cup of tea is not thrust at you somewhere between 4:00 and 5:00, you are not among truly English people. And I said, "This will be going on until probably tea-time or after." I looked at my watch. He started to speak on "The Evolving Idea of God."

I cannot only hear that sermon today, but I can see it as it unfolded a conception of God that was almost an innovation to my own thinking. Finally he sat down. And do you know how long he had spoken? Seven minutes; seven minutes was the length of that sermon, and he unfolded in that seven minutes a conception of God that has been most satisfactory and adequate as I have lived through the years since then, until I am so indebted to Dr. David of Liverpool, that I haven't the faculty of expressing my appreciation for it. And what was it? It was a little bit like the effort of Dr. Fosdick to preach a sermon on God without using the name.

That little word "God" to so many people connotates so many different things. I would almost assume that every person in this congregation this morning has a different conception of God, and if you were attempting to express that conception and make it articulate with your own phrases, there would probably be not much unity in the conception expressed.

God has been thought of sometimes in a tribal sense, like Jehovah—Jehovah, who was a tribal God, a God who took up the cudgel for a certain group —hated their enemies, loved their friends. The tribal concept of God. And we go back still farther and find humanity trying to formulate a conception of God, like Zeus on the top of Mount Olympus; that kind of God. And we form a conception of God like Jupiter. And the God of the Ancients always reflected the characteristics and qualities of humans. And as we have gone down through the centuries we have found that from the Jehovah God of the tribes, as the centuries have come and gone and the mind has ever increased its areas, the conception of God has left the anthropomorphic characteristics and assumed more and more the beautiful attributes of the highest hopes of humanity, until perhaps the finest concept of God which the mind has ever conceived and which has been adequate to struggling humanity, was the conception which reached its climax in the life and personality of the Galilean, when He said, "Our Father," and in the philosophic Christian Paul, who later said "God is Love."

Now, if we want to think of God in terms associated with science, and associated with the structure of the mechanistic, materialistic universe, and try to read into that universe the sovereignty of a Divine Will, immediately there are insurmountable, intellectual difficulties which arise; difficulties like those that arose when that great saint, St. Augustine, was one time asked by a student, "St. Augustine, what was

God doing before he created the world?" and St. Augustine replied, "He was creating a hell for people who ask foolish questions." And the reply of that genial St. Augustine, as it comes down through the centuries and the years, I think is adequate to show that some of the factors that have disturbed a great many minds needn't disturb any mind at all. And a first-rate mind would not be disturbed by them.

You say to me, "Well, Dr. Bradley, what about an atheist?" and my reply to you is that there aren't any. When we think of the great traditional men through the centuries who have been classified as atheists, we make the interesting discovery that their atheism was a reputation acquired because of their opposition and attack upon a *concept* of God—not upon God as Reality. When we consider a man like Mr. Robert Ingersoll, who achieved the reputation of being himself a most influential and a most powerful atheist, and who lectured upon the mistakes of Moses and the origin of the Bible and the virgin birth and all these things, and because of his intellectual attitude about them was called an atheist, the fact of the matter is that all of the atheists who have achieved the reputation for atheism, have all been attacking straw-gods; a god that never had any existence in the first place; a god that had no reality to begin with. The gods that they demolished, and the gods in which they did not believe, were the little, limited gods that were created out of the infantile quality of human concepts; a god with long whiskers and a spear who sat over on a cloud somewhere and ruled the world like a tyrant; a god who could become jealous; a god who uttered the sentence, "I, the Lord, thy god, am a jealous god." Jealousy has not been, and never could be, an attribute of an honest and a true god. And therefore any writer who would portray the character of God in terms of jealousy, hate, antagonism, war, favoritism, has a little concept of God; and for a man to deny reality to that concept of God, is not atheism! It frequently is honest thinking, not atheism at all.

And the gods which have been erected and constructed have been the result of the intellectual efforts of man who does not even possess the necessary brain faculty. The cell life of a human brain is incapable of expressing the whole content of the God-idea in the universe. You haven't the cells, the equipment to do it. No man has it; and no matter how brilliant you are, or how much of a scientist, or how great a scholar, the physical limitation of your own ability is such that you can't sweep the heavens or the cosmos with a conception of God. Does that deduce that God doesn't exist? Not at all. It only makes a conception of God which is truer than your little, petty ideas of the little human images that the mind of man has created through the centuries, in which he has said, "This is God; and if you do not believe in that God, then you are an atheist and you can't be a Christian." That belongs to little minds, not to big minds. That is why when a creed or a church dares have the audacity to say, "This is Truth, and this is God, and if you do not believe this, then you are an atheist," it is tragic."

It is tragic, tragic. God never sat for His photograph! No creed yet was ever written that contained the full reality of God. No church was ever born that was so universal that it could possibly designate the range of infinity —none, none. When the little human mind says "God is this or God is that," the little human mind only reveals its own littleness. God that created the eternal cosmic principle, which is behind all creative activity, who breathes

in the atom, who loves in the heart of a child, who reflects beauty in the color of flowers, who dignifies love in the warmth of the beauty of love, God, the Eternal, is a reality. And when one puts himself in harmony with that, health, power, beauty, order, symmetry come into the life, and come to the world. It is inevitable. And poor little weak, crying, whining man, with his little earth-bound creeds and his little human theologies, struggling to think of the great, eternal spirit of God in his own little terms, has lost the way to the heart of Divine Truth—and if he will find his way back again, all will be well—for him and for the world.

Beware, beware of anyone who can tell you what God is; but love and work and worship can work miracles in any environment or atmosphere that realizes that glowing, exhilarating power in which every unlovely, ugly, vile thing of earth can receive redemption, transformation and transfiguration, when it turns its face toward God; that is the miracle.

What about God? Listen to the poets. It was the poet Wordsworth, and Alfred Lord Tennyson who saved the highest concept of God in the Nineteenth Century from the physicists and scientists of that century, when materialism felt that it had spoken the last word and God was dead! and all was blind force! and we were in an accidental universe and we were all victims of that blind universe. The scientists of the Eighteenth Century said, "We have explained your universe; we have dissected your bodies. We can find no place for God," and "The soul is but an image of your own hopes." Then the poets spoke. Wordsworth wrote, and Tennyson sang,

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand:
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

JUST A BOY

Being just a boy, he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways,
Have his disobedient days.
Wilful, wild and headstrong, too,
Things of value he'll destroy,
But reflect he's just a boy.

Just a boy who needs a friend,
Patient, kindly to the end;
Needs a father who will show
Him the things he wants to know.
Take him with you when you walk,
Listen when he wants to talk,
His companionship enjoy,
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

Got to understand the lad.
He's not eager to be bad;
If the right he always knew,
He would be as old as you.
Were he now exceeding wise,
He'd be just about your size;
When he does things that annoy,
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,
He would need no guiding hand;
But he's young and hasn't learned
How life's corners must be turned.
Doesn't know from day to day
There is more in life than play,
More to face than selfish joy,
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

I AM convinced that there is brooding in the world at this moment a new spirit. I believe with all my heart and mind that there is coming to the nations of this world a new leadership; and that there will be heard voices, and there will arise personalities whose names we do not know at this hour. They will come upon the horizon and over the rim of the world. Why do I say this? For the simple reason that the fundamental structure of this universe is good; that the people who are truly the most powerful stand for the good things of this earth; that evil cannot endure, cannot last; that evil nations, evil principles, evil institutions and people who are grounded in self-interest will gradually but surely be eliminated. Nor do I think this can be accomplished by war. We have tried long enough to make the world good by force. You can kill bodies with bullets, but you cannot kill ideals with bullets, nor can you destroy the soul. If I did not have this fundamental faith in this basic integrity of the universe of which you and I are a part, I, too, would probably surrender to the philosophy of materialism and mechanism as the hope of man. It is not man's hope. Man stands for something better; something higher! Two ideals face each other; the one ideal based upon the unimportance of the human personality; the other based upon the dignity and greatness of man. In the long conflict, dignity and freedom triumph.

J. William Hudson, beloved teacher and philosopher, was one time climbing a western mountain. He was accompanied by an old mountaineer guide. They struggled around a particularly dangerous curve overlooking a chasm. As they did so, a huge bowlder loosened from the mountainside and went crashing down into the chasm, breaking off as it went, other rocks, shrubs and trees. They stood silently watching this spectacle, their ears filled with the thunderous tones as the bowlder came to rest at the bottom. After a moment's pause, the old mountaineer looked at Dr. Hudson and he said, "Well, this world is still being made, hain't it?"

"The world is still being made, isn't

it?" So we find stated with simplicity and with truth by this old mountaineer a fact which we all should understand. Yes, this world is still being made. This is an hour of decision, when we must find out where we stand. Creation has not ceased. Upon the long, tortuous highway of the centuries, the feet of man have been bruised and calloused; his heart broken; his body mangled; his mind befuddled; but he has stumblingly and falteringly, but steadily gone on his way, under the urge of something beautiful and something good.

He will stumble and falter some more. He will weep and bleed and die, but he has seen the golden tints of a dawn, and the beauty of what he might be will lure him on and on. Because I believe this, I am always lifted by the courageous words of the poet Browning—"I greet the unseen with a cheer."

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast ..... 7:30 p.m.
The Sunday Evening Service is always preceded by an organ concert
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley ..... 8:00 p.m.

Book Lectures for March

March 1—"Release From Nervous Tension" ..... David H. Fink
March 8—"The Egyptian" ..... Mika Waltari
March 15—"Believe In Yourself" ..... Margery Wilson
March 22—"The Higher Happiness" ..... Ralph W. Sockman
March 29—"A Minstrel Friar" ..... Irwin St. John Tucker
April 5—"The Book of Books" ..... A Tribute

Woman's Club—March 6th and 20th—Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, March 14th and 28th .... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (4th Monday of each month) March 27th ..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105
Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of the month, Anderson Hall ..... 4:00 p.m.
Auditions, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 3rd Sunday ..... 3:00 p.m.
Plays, three performances each month at
Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.
Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee 4:00 p.m.
Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon ... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, Bradley Hall, Thursday ..... 7:30 p.m.
Boy Scouts, Cub Pack 3864, 4th Fri. ea. month, Anderson Hall .... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S LENTEN SERIES

Sundays, 11:00 a.m.

March

5—"Faith Is Power."
12—"The God I Know."
19—"Why Pray?"
26—"What's the Matter with Religion?"

April

2—"A Procession vs. a Program."
9—"Indestructible Life!"

MEN'S CLUB

The next meeting of the Men's Club, March 27th, will be another "unusual attraction." They will present "WORDS OVER WAVES," an elaborate Stage Demonstration of Electronic Marvels in Today's Communications.

This demonstration will be presented by the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. You will see and hear how YOUR VOICE is imprinted on an electrical current and whisked off to its destination at a speed of eleven million miles a minute. You will see how a demonstrator "stops" microwaves in a glowing tube as they speed at eleven million miles a minute.

You will see a new way to light a pipe with high frequency radio energy!

How Television programs and long distance calls are "piped" through coaxial cables.

Microwaves are interesting and highly entertaining. This little fellow is doing a bigger and bigger job in telephony. His amazing characteristics offer something new in the way of scientific entertainment.

Over four hours are needed to prepare the stage for this Big Demonstration. The program is designed for large audiences, and ladies will find the program unusually interesting. Keep the date open on your calendar. Come early. Make up a little party of friends and have a grand evening at the Men's Club.

* * *

The February meeting with Captain Maynor and his motors, and Lieut. Colonel Howard P. Markey was a great success. There were many distinguished guests present: Mr. Warren Wright, former State Treasurer of Illinois, founder and director of the Michigan Avenue National Bank, Past Commander of Am. Vets and of Disabled Veterans, who complimented the Men's Club on their show. Also present was Mr. Mario Tonelli, County Commissioner, who was in the Bataan Death March and a prisoner of the Japs for thirty-eight months. Mr. Edward A. Hayes, Past National and State Commander of the American Legion, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during World War 2, expressed regrets that he could not be present as planned because of being called out of the city on business. Mr. Hayes is an eloquent speaker and the Men's Club will hear from him on another occasion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

The Sunday School is having a rather busy month of March. On Fri-

day, the 17th, the children are being taken by chartered bus from the church to the Shrine Circus. This is by courtesy of the Shriners and will be a great treat to the youngsters of the school.

On Friday, March 31st, the Sunday School is giving a Movie Party for the children and their parents. This is to be free of charge, and will take place at 7:30 in the evening, in Anderson Hall.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

On Monday, March 20th, the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church will hold their Past Presidents' Day. The program is to be announced later. This much is certain. On this important day in the life of the club, there will be an excellent program and a very interesting occasion.

For their April metings, the club has announced a program in charge of the Garden Department for Monday, April 10, with the Chairman and Hostess, Mrs. C. T. Randall, and asisstant hostesses, Mrs. W. Brown, Mrs. J. Coughlin and Mrs. P. Reisenhus.

On April 24th is held the Annual Meeting and Election of Officers, and early in May, the 8th, the festive Spring Luncheon takes place.

The club thoroughly enjoyed the evening of March 17th, in charge of the Ways and Means Department. A fine chicken dinner was served at 6 o'clock, followed by an enjoyable evening of cards and a Penny Social.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

On Tuesday, March 14th, the Professional and Business Woman's Club will present a Spring Fashion Show by Hirsch Clothing Company, of 3217 N. Lincoln Avenue. The evening will be very colorful throughout, as a color-sound film, Walt Disney's "South of the Border" will be shown in an interim between fashions. Chairman of the evening is Miss Ethel Wells Smalley.

"Seven Wonders of the World" is the subject of the March 28th evening, which will be in charge of the Program Chairman, Miss Rosalind Burtchby.

Just after Easter, on April 11th, the Club will hold its Annual Card Party which is open to the public.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

We believe the UPTOWN PLAYERS have made a happy choice in selecting "PRESENT LAUGHTER," Noel Coward's latest comedy, for their April production. This gay comedy of the trials, tribulations and loves of a famous actor was a smash hit, both in London and New York and does exactly what its name suggests. The play will be presented by the PLAYERS at the 11th Street Theatre, 72 East 11th Street, on Thursday, April 13; Saturday, April 15; and Sunday afternoon, April 16. Tickets are now available for all performances. Admission to the Thursday and Sunday performances will be $1.50 (including federal tax), and to the Saturday performance, $1.80 (including federal tax).

In complete contrast is the program arranged for the April Drama Tea. Geoffrey Lardner, one of our leading character juveniles, will produce and direct "CRADLE SONG," by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra. "CRADLE SONG" has been frequently named as the most beautiful play ever written, and unlike the plays usually seen at our Drama Teas it is a full length play. The fine cast that Geoff has assembled includes Johan Ross Donald, Mary Holmberg, Jane Lillie, Nancy Beck and Beatrice Marcus.

The Sunday Drama Teas are very informal and, we believe, most valuable to our work because it gives the actors

(*Continued on page 22*)

A LETTER AND A POEM

(The following letter and poem, "The Perfect City," was received by me in February of this year, from Mr. Carl I. Henrikson, its author, who often attended the Peoples Church when he lived in Austin, with his former wife, Rose Henrikson, who organized The Friends of Literature and until her death several years ago was its President. I am a member of the Board of Directors of this group and speak annually for them at their Shakespeare dinner in April. P.B.)

Alhambra, Calif.
Feb. 10, 1950

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Having been laid up with illness for several weeks, some of my time has been spent in reviewing my active days and recalling the past events of importance that now seem to loom out of the mists. In the long perspective that stretches before me, my teachers or those who have helped to shape my ideals and my thinking seem to rate the highest and most deserving. Somewhere in that category is your Trinity of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful which have appealed to me as worthy and approachable objectives in the realm of the spirit, and your militant championship of these aims has always been an inspiration to me.

My "The Perfect City" embodies the ideas that grew out of this line of thinking—possibly (in its final stanza) too far to the "right" to dovetail with unsymbolic liberalism. However, I would be honored to have you read it and find in it some trace of your preaching the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

I hope after so many years of faithful service that you are now reaping some of the satisfying rewards of your effective ministry, and that you and Mrs. Bradley are keeping well and happy in your good work together. My wife joins me in kind regards to you both.

Sincerely yours,
Carl I. Henrikson.

THE PERFECT CITY

By Carl I. Henrikson

I sing a song of the Perfect City where
Contented people live and thrive in peace,
Where lure of Promised Land has not deceived,
Where men of many nations feel the warmth
Of friendly handclasp, and where civic pride
Is the expression of a gratitude.

I sing a song of the Perfect City where
The gardens bloom beside the winding lanes
That neighbors love to tread—where simple life
Unfolds its drama of tranquility;
Where firesides are sanctuaries for
The humble grateful souls that seek and find
Refreshing silences in which to pray
In warm communion with the Infinite.

I sing a song of the Perfect City where
Exultingly the wheels of industry

Perform their mundane duties so that man
In freedom may select and mold his fate;
Where forums, schools and churches teach by fine
Example, where reposeful parks stretch in
Between and whisper Nature's wondrous tale;
Where dreams of men are captured and confined
In deathless art and architecture for
Revering eyes in motley life's parade.

I sing a song of the Perfect City where
The shady, winding streets converge upon
The market place. At intervals arise
In chiseled steps of man's invincible
Ascendancy, the characters of myth
And legendry that blazed the trail for truth;
Robust, heroic statues of the Wise,
The Good, the Strong; the effigies of those
Who freely gave their lives that men might live;
Great lovers of humanity who died
Not knowing of their greatness; poets who,
Prophetic, sung their sweet and transient dreams—
Great artists all whose souls have ventured far
Into the mysteries of the Infinite.

I sing a song of the Perfect City where
Amidst the central market place, upon
A mound that rises far and high above
The futile unavailing earth and seeks
Its kinship with the sky, a figure stands,
Majestic, love eternal shining out
Of deep and placid eyes, with shoulder slope
So human frail, yet firm with strength that bears
The burden of the world, with hands outstretched
To stumbling, faltering man—with Faith and Hope
And Charity the words upon His lips,
With Peace in every line and lineament,
Serene and death-defying, offering
To man the gift of Perfect Brotherhood—
Accessible to all, there nobly stands
The greatest poet dreamer of the world
Who never wrote a line, who shed no blood
In generalship except the precious drops
That fell upon the cross—with rule restored
To glorify the ages—at the peak,
The most triumphant moment of His life,
Beseeching all mankind to come and know
Him for His faith in God, in man, in love,
In peace, the humble Savior, Ruler of
The Perfect City which I dream and sing.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

IN last week's mail were several letters from elderly people, expressing a rather hopeless attitude, although it was evident from every one of the letters that the physical comforts of the writers were met; but the fear of age seemed to have gripped them all, and with it a feeling that life held nothing for them, all because, as one or two of them expressed it, "they were not young any more."

It has been said that we can grow old gloomily, grouchily and grudgingly; or we can grow old gladly, gratefully and gracefully. We can grow old cynically and cravenly, or cheerfully and courageously. I think sometimes old age is not so much the accumulation of years as it is the acquisition of fears. To some, of course, it is distressing to realize suddenly that one's activities are slowly but surely diminishing, and that at best one can be but a spectator in the more active pursuits. But that has its compensations. It allows more time for other pursuits—time for reading—and the world is full of good books. If one cannot read for long periods of time, there are many magazines which can be picked up for short intervals of reading. One could spend a great deal of time selecting a magazine nowadays, as there never were so many on the market. And if one is interested in other lands and the customs of other people, there are many books and magazines of travel which are fascinating. There is more time for getting in touch with old friends. And a friendly, cheerful attitude will always bring you many new friends.

To me, life becomes more and more interesting as the years go by. Instead of the hectic, thrilling days of youth, there may be days of greater tranquillity and more tolerance. When I was a youth and brimming with youthful exuberance, I thought I could re-make the world in my own time. It didn't occur to me then that perhaps the world was doing quite all right, and that in time it would get around to re-making me, and the other people then growing up. But I've learned, just as we all must. Then, too, youth has an amazing series of emotional ups and downs. Everything is either a calamity or an astounding stroke of good fortune, and there seems to be no middle ground in which to temper one's emotions. But now I know that calamities come and calamities go.

Some wise man once wrote that character is formed in the rush of the world, but talent is developed as one grows older. Perhaps he meant the talent for living. As life goes on, one is more conscious of beauty—because one has more time to observe and appreciate. A walk in the fields—a sudden spring shower—a quiet sunset—all these and many more impressions intertwine themselves gently with one's thoughts. When a man grows older he finds, sometimes to his surprise, that there are a great many things he has always wanted to do which, perhaps, through no fault of his own, never seemed to get accomplished in those early years, when all the world was young. All of us, I imagine, know some people who, while well along in years, seen somehow to have matured in the realization that life can be a remarkable affair if one desires it that way. Then there are others who grow more dry, more bitter and more indifferent to the beautiful things of life with every passing year.

It was Edward Young, as I recall it, who once wrote an amusing little poem, the meaning of which went something like this: "At thirty a man suspects

himself of being a fool. At forty he knows himself to be a fool. At fifty he becomes impatient with himself and resolves to do better. And he resolves and resolves and at last dies the same." As I say, it's an amusing poem, but, like so much poetry, it is not necessarily true. Most of us think quite highly of ourselves when we reach the ripe old age of thirty. When we're forty we have a secret suspicion that perhaps the world will little know nor long remember that we bided on this earth for a time. At fifty this is no longer a suspicion, but a certainty. But a man's good resolutions are by no means futile. A man's mental capacities, after all, are sharpened with usage and age, and he can always do better. And his intellectual activities can grow and grow. Who among us does not have friends who, coasting along year after year, suddenly accelerate their pace for no apparent reason? And in striving for the stars, whether they always achieve their ends or not, they get new zest for life, new interest, a mental and physical reawakening.

To grow older means one expects less of the world, but need not grow more self-engrossed. Rather, to grow older means to give more and expect less; to retain that deep and abiding affection for one's fellowman; to live a calm, tolerant life; and to work with all the energies at one's command. There are two kinds of youth—there is the physical and the spiritual, and in speaking of the spiritual aspect of youth, someone has written this beautiful description:

"Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

"Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

"Whether seventeen or sixty there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

"You are as young as your faith and as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, and as old as your fear; as young as your hope, and as old as your despair. In the central place in your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, *then* you are grown old!"

So let's keep the wires attuned to the messages of inspiration, of beauty, of courage and of grandeur—let's keep the central place of the heart warm with the love of life! And all its beauty! I quote a part of the poem "Life's Finest Things," by *Bangs Burgess,* which Thomas Curtis Clark includes in his lovely anthology "1000 Quotable Poems."

"Life's finest things, the things that last,
Are ours, but never fettered fast.

The exodus of birds and fowls when blasts
begin to blow,

The fuzzy Spring buds peeping forth, at passing of the snow;

. . . . . .

The glint of gorgeous green-blue eyes in peacock's spread of tail.
A sense of God's omnipotence when thunder rends the vale,
Proud dreams and schemes of vibrant youth which surely must come true,
That brave, exalted purpose of the child that once was you;
The nursing back a loved one from the verge of voiceless dust.
The greatest boon to humankind, the great, great gift of trust.

Life's finest things, the things that last,
Are ours, but never fettered fast.
The finest things writ on the scroll.
Are only grappled by the soul."

BOOK CHATS

WHEN a man loses his job, as did Mr. Frank Bettger, and then in spite of mingled feelings of disappointment, shock, resentment or anger, whatever might be one's reactions, has the courageous curiosity to ask his boss why he was fired, for that is the way Frank Bettger words it, that courageous curiosity may change his whole life for the better. It did for Mr. Bettger.

He had started out as a professional baseball player, back in 1907. He was playing for Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in the Tri-State League. He was young and ambitious, wanted to get to the top. What happened? Shortly after he started out on his career he was fired. Mr. Bettger tells us that his whole life might have been different if he hadn't gone to the manager and asked him *why* he fired him. Says Mr. Bettger: "The manager said he fired me because I was lazy! Well, that was the last thing I expected him to say. 'You drag yourself around the field like a veteran who has been playing ball for twenty years,' he told me. 'Why do you act that way if you're not lazy?' 'Well, Bert,' I said, 'I'm so nervous, so scared, that I want to hide my fear from the crowd, and especially from the other players on the team. Besides, I hope that by taking it easy, I'll get rid of my nervousness.' 'Frank,' he said, 'it will never work. That's the thing that is holding you down. Whatever you do after you leave here, for goodness sake, wake yourself up, and put some life and enthusiasm into your work!' "

Now, I'm going to tell you in Mr. Bettger's own words, just what happened. He says: "I had been making $175 a month at Johnstown. After being fired there, I went down to Chester, Pennsylvania, in the Atlantic League, where they paid me only $25 a month. Well, I couldn't *feel* very enthusiastic on that kind of money, but I began to *act* enthusiastic. After I was there three days, an old ball player, Danny Meehan, came to me and said: 'Frank, what in the world are you doing down here in a rank bush-league like this?' 'Well, Danny,' I replied, 'if I knew how to get a better job, I'd go anywhere.' A week later, Danny induced New Haven, Connecticut, to give me a trial. My first day in New Haven will always stand out in my memory as a great event in my life. No one knew me in that league, so I made a resolution that nobody would ever accuse me of being lazy. I made up my mind to establish the reputation of being the most enthusiastic ball player they'd ever seen in the New England League. I thought if I could establish such a reputation,

then I'd have to live up to it. From the minute I appeared on the field, I acted like a man electrified. I acted as though I were alive with a million batteries. I threw the ball around the diamond so fast and so hard that it almost knocked our infielders' hands apart. Once, apparently trapped, I slid into third base with so much energy and force that the third baseman fumbled the ball and I was able to score an important run. Yes, it was all a show, an act I was putting on. The thermometer that day was nearly 100°. I wouldn't have been surprised if I had dropped over with a sunstroke the way I ran around the field.

"Did it work? It worked like magic. Three things happened:

"1. My enthusiasm almost entirely overcame my fear. In fact my nervousness began to work *for* me, and I played far better than I ever thought I was capable of playing. (If you are nervous, be thankful. Don't hold it back. Turn it on. Let your nerves work *for* you.) . . .

"2. My enthusiasm affected the other players on the team, and they, too, became enthusiastic. . . .

"3. Instead of dropping with the heat, I felt better during the game and after it was over than I had ever felt before. . . .

"My biggest thrill came the following morning when I read in the New Haven newspaper: 'This new player, Bettger, has a barrel of enthusiasm. He inspired our boys. They not only won the game, but looked better than at any time this season.' The newspapers began calling me 'Pep' Bettger—the life of the team. I mailed the newspaper clippings to Bert Conn, manager of Johnstown. Can you imagine the expression on his face as he read about 'Pep' Bettger, the dub he'd tied a can to three weeks before—for being *lazy?* Within ten days, *enthusiasm* took me from $25 a month to $185 a month—it increased my income by 700 per cent. Nothing but the determination to act enthusiastic increased my income 700 per cent in ten days. Two years later—two years from the time I had been hoping to get $25 a month in that little Chester outfit, I was playing third base for the St. Louis Cardinals and had multiplied my income by thirty times. What did it? Enthusiasm alone did it. Nothing but enthusiasm."

"Now, then, why have I told you this story at such length? Because I picked up a book last week with Frank Bettger's smiling, gleeful face on the cover and his expression said much more to me than did the title of the book which is, "How I Raised Myself from Failure to Success in Selling," by Frank Bettger. I opened the book and read this story which he tells in the first chapter. Then he tells how he failed in salesmanship, after having a bad accident to his arm which forced him to give up baseball. And the rest of the book tells how he went from failure to success. There's a chapter on an idea he learned from Lincoln; and one in which he says "I Became More Welcome Everywhere When I Did This."

Perhaps you are wondering why I am talking to you about a book written by a salesman. Well, aren't we all salesmen in life? Do we not try to improve our personalities in every way so that people will like us better? Doesn't what applies to a man who was one of the top five salesmen, nationally, of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, and who led the field six different times, doesn't what helped him win the confidence, respect and cooperation of people have something in it for every one of us? Many, many people write to me asking for

help in getting them some kind of work. Here is a man who admits having failed in two different fields he tried—yet he went to work and overcame the failures and became successful. I thought as I read this book: will it not be more helpful to a great many more people for me to bring this book and other constructive books which are practical to their attention than to endeavor to secure jobs for a few individuals? There are a great many people who make it their business to secure employment for people. My particular work in life is to bring help and inspiration to people—to bring them stimulation of ideas. Clay E. Roberts, President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, says: "The ideas in Frank Bettger's book did more for me than three years in college." Henry Kearns, past President of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce, says: "Frank Bettger's stimulating message can be of tremendous value to every ambitious young man in the country. If you do or do not read his book, you can take a lesson from his story of how acting enthusiastic finally made him become enthusiastic and successful." I am reminded of these words:

MY OWN LITTLE JOB

"It isn't as big as the other chap's—
With a flaring sign;
It isn't as great as yours, perhaps—
But it's mine!
Just my own little job to hold down tight,
Stick to, embrace, with a man's strength and might!
It isn't a golden, downy way,
Perfumed, sun-kissed, and bright;
It isn't all laughter and cloudless day,
But it's mine all right;
My own little job I have chosen to do,
Mine! And I'm the kind of man who'll do it, too!"

* * *

I want you to imagine yourselves seated at a Round-Table Conference at which there are twelve men taking part. You are the invisible listener-in. If only I had time to tell you the background of each of these twelve men! Seated at the table are Sumner Welles, with a long diplomatic career behind him, author of "The Time For Decision" and "Where Are We Heading?"; David Riesman, who for the last several years at Yale has been directing a research project on political apathy and American *character structure;* there is Alvin Johnson, one of whose great works was in connection with the editing of the Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences, who for several years was an editor of the New Republic and one of the founders of the New School for Social Research. We continue around the round table and meet Henry Steele Commager, born and raised in the middle west, who became Pitt Professor of American History at Cambridge University; a member of the War Department Committee on the history of the war, editor of the "Rise of the American Nation," which will be published in forty volumes. That is only four of our Round Table; yet there are eight more: Walton Hamilton, J. K. Galbraith, Director of U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey and now at Harvard; Harrison Brown, Executive vice-chairman of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, headed by Albert Einstein and Harold Urey; we then meet Perry Miller, with wide interests in the field of American education, now spending a year as visiting lecturer at the University of Leiden; there is Alan Barth, of the editorial staff of the Washington Post, with two awards for distinguished service to American journalism; Erwin D. Canham, Editor in Chief of the Christian Science Monitor; S. T. Lanham, Brigadier-General, until recently Director of the Staff, Personnel Policy Board, in the Office of Secretary of Defense; and Norman Cousins, since 1939 editor of The Sat-

urday Review of Literature, whose interest in the early histories of Greece and America found expression in a book called "The Good Inheritance," and who wrote an editorial which was later expanded into a short book called "Modern Man is Obsolete."

Now, why have I introduced you to all these men seated around this round table, as I call it? I have done it because these men have individually given us an interpretation of America and the American people in mid-passage. They have given us an exploration into ideas and ideals, in a book called "YEARS OF THE MODERN." The editors of the book have considered it a major editorial and publishing project, for the general plan and step-by-step development of this book involved discussions with many persons representing a cross-section of our national life. And their response, sympathetic and serious, has played an important part in moulding the book. In addition, in the initial stages of the project an informal group met and made important contributions.

The book opens with Walt Whitman's great poem which he calls "Years of the modern," "Years of the unperformed! Your horizon rises, I see it parting away for more august dramas" . . . And later on, you remember he says: "No one knows what will happen next, such portents fill the days and nights; Years prophetical! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full of phantoms," . . . and then, "The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me, The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me!"

The hero of the story is Modern Man. All the contributing authors to this book are concerned with him; (that is why I said you, the readers, are sitting in the offing listening to these men around the round table.) The authors are deeply interested in the continuity of modern man's life. And they are no less concerned with its spiritual and materialistic aspects. Above all, they are concerned about man as the potential master of his environment and government, both of which have often mastered him.

The story is a sort of creative inventory of our times. If man is to deal successfully with the challenges he faces, he must know what he is and what resources he has. Only thus is there hope of success. So in many illuminating areas they tell of modern man, and help him to face the future with greater awareness and perhaps with greater confidence. A single land and people are easier to study than an entire world, so it is limited to the American scene; and we, more than any group, must be responsible for decisions. Each contributor was chosen because he had an alertness to his field, and of the relation of that field to the rest of life; and he had an ability to phrase his convictions with clarity and imaginative force. This common understanding promotes a unique and exciting unity. These contributors to YEARS OF THE MODERN have not tried to seek or state categorical answers. Often you, the reader, will find answers implicit or direct. But the aim has been to cast a light, not to give directions. This is designed to open up larger activities, to induce tens or hundreds of thousands to join in the process of self-knowledge. Therefore, the book is distinctly a challenge; and never was there a time when a challenge by life itself was so definitely offered. Events have forced it.

We Americans are asked to write history; to take leadership in a racked and divided world. Man has need to

understand the varied fibres of race and experience woven into the being that he is today—he needs to understand them. He needs to assess his faults and his virtues as though he were on the outside looking at an exhibit, or a specimen. Will his past prepare him for his future? Though the future will lead him to activities he has previously avoided, and for which he has had little training or experience, yet he will find them exciting and rewarding.

You might be interested in the subjects of the twelve chapters: PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN—AMERICAN FREEDOM: A METHOD—THE GENIUS OF THE RADICAL—THE FAITH OF A SKEPTIC—THE SAVING REMNANT: A STUDY OF CHARACTER—THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: SUBSTANCE AND MYTH—EDUCATION UNDER CROSSFIRE—OF SCIENCE AND MAN—AMERICANS AND THE WAR OF IDEAS—OUR ARMED FORCES: THREAT OR GUARANTEE—PEACE: OUR GREATEST CHALLENGE—AN ADVENTURE IN IDEALS. At the close of the book is an epilogue, in which the publishers have quoted from Dr. Whitehead's "Adventures of Ideas:" Says Dr. Whitehead: "Mankind is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is our business—philosophers, students, and practical men—to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into riot, and penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality. Such a vision is the knowledge which Plato identified with virtue." And Dr. Whitehead says that within the limits of their development, epochs for which this vision has been widespread, are the epochs that are unfading in the memory of mankind.

I quote from the book itself the lines of Tagore which so thrilled Norman Cousins:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

FEBRUARY—the short little month that always holds so many happy suggestions of spring, when the tree bark begins to show change of color, and the long shadows late in the afternoon lie across the snow in graceful pattern. The sun's last rays in the west toss delicate rose-color ribbons across to the eastern sky above the lake, where for some distance along the shore there is piled up snow-white ice and frozen snow.

The little gray sparrows I am sure have had no opportunity or inspiration to sing their spring songs, crowded on the bare benches of a tree in the sunshine with real warmth in it. No, there hasn't been anything like that in this month of February, when we have had real winter—all the winter we have had. Well, it will soon be over and everyone wonders what March holds in store.

We are walking up the path toward Easter and I pray it may be a blessed Easter of greater peace in the world than we have had for a long, long time! With true Hosannas to the King of Love, wiping out hate and war and wickedness in every land, across the face of the earth! May all people in every land listen and obey the best that is in them.

* * *

We have some very fine letters. Shall we look them over? I have picked up a letter from Dixon, Illinois, from a teacher in the Lincoln School there. She expresses the wish that the Unitarian Church were still there. The Peoples Church had many friends in that friendly church years ago; and one time when they had no minister, a group of the members used to gather in the church on Sunday mornings and listen to Dr. Bradley's service via radio. It was the first, and I believe the only time we ever knew a church to do that, and we were much thrilled by it. Too bad good little churches ever die out; it seems to me they should always have a place in a community where they once had an influence. Miss Campbell writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Yesterday I was privileged to attend services at the Peoples Church. After having been a radio listener for about eight years, it was a memorable experience to actually be there. Your Lincoln sermon was excellent, the choral music was inspiring and the church is truly beautiful.

"For several years I have taught in the Lincoln School here. Often I have wished that the Unitarian Church were still here.

"The occasion in Chicago was the annual reunion of the 'Trippers' geography students, faculty and president of Illinois State Normal University. The group includes those who have been members of the Field Course (travel through U.S. and Canada). It is one of the finest opportunities the college offers teachers in my opinion.

"On numerous occasions I have

wanted to express my appreciation and gratitude to you for the great work you are doing. You have often given me courage and faith in the face of problems. More important, through your influence, I feel that positive attitudes toward life are more important than too much concern with what it holds in store.

Sincerely yours,
Mary Campbell."

* * *

The next letter is very interesting (to me specially—'cause the writer asks if we still publish "The Dial" and if Mrs. Bradley still writes the Radio Column. Now isn't that nice?)

The Dial was a church paper we published some years ago. We sent her a current number of The Liberalist and hope she enjoys it and finds it a far superior publication than The Dial! We appreciate her letter very much:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Please may I send a word of thanks for the superb address I just heard you give over the radio? I have listened to you for ten years, as I have told you before, and never failed to find help and inspiration. It is a great privilege, especially to shut-ins like myself, to have your voice come into the home every evening with your deeply thoughtful and refreshing messages. Incidentally, I am glad you come on at ten o'clock, when there are fewer interruptions likely. But tonight I have a message for *you.*

"You figured up how many words you had spoken in the effort to make the world a better place, and said that if *words* could accomplish it, the billions of words should have made this world eutopia—or words to that effect. Why, dear man, how can you know how *much better* those words *have* made the world. There is no way to measure the extent and far-reaching influence that those words have had in thousands of hearts, nor how many lives have been helped and changes for the better wrought all over the world; like the pebble dropped into the ocean. I hope you will continue for many years to send your voice with its friendly, inspiring messages over the air.

"And I'll tell you a secret: I have found that growing old is a great experience, if one meets it in the right spirit. I'm much older than you, and my life has been wide and varied. But I have found that no matter how bitter the disappointments, how deep the sorrow, how painful the suffering, some compensation is always to be found; some development of understanding and sympathy, and tolerance. And the appreciation of the beauty of life deepens as the years pass. And when death comes, with release from this physical plane, that will be the greatest adventure of all. And the reason I am telling you this is, that by coming into my life on the radio you have unknowingly helped me over many a trial, or problem—and I am only one of many.

"I am wondering if you still publish The Dial? And if Mrs. Bradley still edits the Radio Column? (I'm not sure of the exact name.) I enjoyed The Dial, and should like to subscribe again.

"With best regards, and every good wish for you in 1950, I am

Yours sincerely,
Stella Randolph Millington,
Milwaukee 13."

* * *

Following the Sunday when Dr. Bradley humbly asked those who could to send an offering of $1—he called it "Dollar Sunday"—he received the following letter from a radio listener, who, it seems, has listened for many years. She enclosed a poem composed by her young son, and to show Dr. Bradley's

appreciation we are going to publish it now. And we thank the young man for it. The mother's letter follows and then the poem:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: Here is my dollar for 'Dollar Sunday,' and what a small price to pay for all the beauty and truth and goodness that you gave us this morning, in, I believe, one of the finest sermons I ever heard you preach; and I have been listening to you for a long time.

"Twenty-three years ago, at the time of my blind mother's passing, I wrote to thank you for the comfort and pleasure she had found in listening to you each Sunday morning. Then, just a few years ago, I wrote to tell you of the great happiness your Kindness to Animals sermon had given my twelve year old son. 'Dr. Bradley is surely a great and good man,' he had said, with shining eyes.

"The occasion of your recent advent on television was a joyous one for my small family, for I feel that as long as we can have Americans like Paul Harvey and Erich Brandies in the Press, and you in the Pulpit to work for us, there is surely hope for our worried and unhappy country.

"While listening to you over television, the evening of your first appearance, and again this morning as you talked of the infinite meaning of God, the thought came to me that, busy as you are, you would enjoy reading a Thanksgiving theme written by my young son for his 10B English class; for though its poetic symmetry is far from perfect, the thought is that which I have heard you express many times. I enclose the boyish version.

"Thanking you many times for this morning's sermon, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Charles O. Geyer,
Hammond, Ind."

THANKSGIVING THOUGHT

"Why give thanks on this one day
When the world's a mess?" some people say.
'Tis true that with us, troubles abide,
That souls and patience sore are tried.
We find that many things are wrong,
And to live our lives, we must be strong.

"Why on this day should we give thanks,
When our money's all spent, not put in banks;
Our money is taken away by taxes;
The very world seems off its axis;
The government's failing! The bubble will burst!"
To these people, things seem to be at their worst.

But they who say these things should remember,
On the fourth Thursday in the month of November,
That by the great God who placed us all here,
We are cared for and loved; His presence ever near.
And no matter how great our troubles have seemed,
By those less fortunate, they would slight be deemed."

Norman Geyer,
10B English.

* * *

I have come across a card sent from Decatur, from a man who has "listened in" for many years, he says, in fact since Doctor's first broadcast from The Peoples Church. That I believe would have dated back to 1924! The card carries this quotation by Browing, besides the written note:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The best of life,
For which the first was made."

The note follows: "Dear Preston Bradley: I want you to know how much I enjoy your comments and philosophy of life over the radio. I have been listening to your broadcasts for many years, dating back to your first from The Peoples Church. They

were all uplifting and added much that was good to my way of life.

"As the years come and go, your sermons and comments have been a joy and encouragement to a multitude of people in a vast audience, mostly unknown to you. It's a grand record that only a few great souls have equaled, and I sincerely hope you will continue in your chosen field for many more years to come. With hearty greetings, Herb. Ayton."

* * *

May Peace and Content abide with you through the Eastertide!

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

Church Activities

(*Continued from page* 9)

a chance to meet the audience, and vice versa. As J. Bradley-Griffin, our Founder-Director often says, "If you don't like the play at least you should like the coffee and cake afterwards." Come along and see "CRADLE SONG" the first Sunday in April (April 2nd), at the People's Church, doors open at 3:30 p.m. Admission 75c plus federal tax.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

1—Two Services. Peoples Church

2—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV

3—Radio Address. WGN

4—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

5—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Cut Record. WGN
Address. Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library

6—Radio Address. WGN

8—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Interview. WJJD. Emmett Dedmon, Literary Editor Sun-Times and Dr. Bradley

9—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV
All-day Meeting of State Teachers' College Board. Morrison Hotel

10—Radio Address. WGN
Address. PTA Lincolnwood School, Lincolnwood, Ills.

11—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Cut record. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Men's Club. Congregation Habonin

12—Radio Address. WGN
Interviewed Melvin Jones
Address. Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library
Meeting. Chicago Committee on Human Relations. Hubbard Court

13—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV

15—Two Services. Peoples Church
(Guest at evening service, Miss Helen Fogg, Unitarian Service Committee, Boston, Mass.)

16—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV
Interview, Errett Van Nice, V.-P. Harris Trust—March O' Dimes

17—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Film Council, Memorial Hall, Chicago Pub. Lib.

18—Radio Address. WGN

Book Lecture. Peoples Church
19—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Address. Chicago Public Library
Cut record. WGN
Address. Soil Conservation Banquet, Presby. Church, Danville, Ills.
20—Radio Address. WGN
Address. PTA John Mills School, Elmwood Park
22—Two Services. Peoples Church
23—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV
24—Radio Address. WGN
25—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
26—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Public Library
Guest of Honor at First Book and Author Luncheon held in Chicago
Cut record. WGN
Address. State Teacher's College, Whitewater, Wisconsin
27—Radio interview, WGN, with Vincent Van Gogh, nephew of the great artist
Address. Pilot Club. Sheraton Hotel
28—27th meeting of Original 54, IWLA
29—Two Services. Peoples Church
Address. Annual Herring Breakfast. Swedish Club
30—Radio Address. WGN
Television Broadcast. WGN-TV
31—Radio Address. WGN

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